

totally not some dreamnotfound smut shots

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by [eggrollsweretaken](#)

Summary

HI THere

uhhh this is my first ao3 post and i have NO IDEA how this website works bUt i'm gonna try my best.

i don't ship george and dream irl, only their online personas and i respect their boundaries and them as people.

Notes

idk what i'm doing-

BUT! if you like this chapter please tell me and give some feedback! i enjoy criticism and i'm looking forward to improving my writing.

if you have any requests for nsfw dreamnotfound fics pls tell me and i'll do my best!!

but there are limits:

-nothing underage

-no r*pe/non con

i cant think of much else but i also won't do some kinks, and i won't generbend.

THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS DADDY DOM REFERENCES
(and dream daddy, the game)

you've been warned, traveler

-7/29/20

OKAY YES HI

ive been gone for a while due to personal reasons and i am currently in the making of the next 3 chapters. im sorry for not updating in a while but i promise im going as fast as i can!!

if you'd like to request an idea or plot for a chapter let me know in the comments!

this chapter will be removed when i finish the next chapter so no worries about this note.

have a WONDERFUL day/night :) <3

daddy's good boy

"HEY! There's this new game I bought and it's awesome! It's called Dream Daddy and—" Those were the last words Dream focused on for the rest of the night.

George was going on about that game for at least an hour now and Dream was completely phased and shaken up. He wasn't even paying attention to what the brunette was even saying at this point, only drawing his attention around, *"Dream Daddy."*

Suddenly, like a cold gust of wind in the winter, George's voice hit him again.

"Are you even paying attention to me anymore? How long has it been?" George's voice pierced through Dream's headset. Dream quickly sat up with a cough and cleared his throat, scooting closer to his desk and staring at his and George's Discord call.

"I'm here- I'm paying attention."

"I believe you. So, what do you think about it?"

Dream mentally scratched his head and tilted it like a confused puppy. What were they talking about — What was George talking about?

He sat silently for a moment.

"Dream Daddy?"

"Yes! You weren't paying attention!" The brit exclaimed.

"Can you say the name again?"

"Dream Daddy?"

"Say it like you mean it."

He didn't even mean to let that slip out. For some reason the name, 'Daddy' felt like he'd been given some sort of higher power, especially when George was saying it.

His online name paired with Daddy was interesting to say the least, but it attracted Dream. The thought of having someone call you Daddy just pleased Dream. It felt like a missing puzzle piece, something he needed to feel satisfied.

"Dream? What are you on about?" George asked. It was his turn to be confused, and he very much was.

That was, until he noticed what those two words meant.

"Oh my god. I'm so sorry, Dream! I didn't mean to offend you or anything. I didn't intend for the word daddy to be drawn back to you, I'm sorry—"

"It wasn't for me? Now I'm a bit disappointed." Dream cut through. What was he doing?

"Wh-What? Do you.. want to be called 'Daddy?'"

"Only if I can call you my good boy." A smirk tugged at the corner of Dream's mouth. He leaned forward and held his head in the palm of his hand. Now he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Are you intending that we-?"

George sat nervously, clutching the arms of his office chair until his knuckles turned white. He

was afraid for what Dream might say next, but he mentally prepared himself to feel the full embarrassment for when Dream called it off as a bit.

"I want to see you, George. I want to see you stroking yourself while I call you mine. I want to hear you say that you're Daddy's good boy." His tone changed from light hearted to.. stern? Sexy-stern? That's how George would describe it at least.

"Only if I get to see you too." George spoke, leaning into his mic. He hovered his mouse over the 'Turn On Camera' button and for their friendship to be ruined. Why was he following through with this?

"Fair trade." A swift click could be heard from Dream's end and his camera was turned on, pointing towards his chest and the bottom of his chin. He adjusted the camera down to his crotch, where his legs were spread and a bulge could be seen through his boxers.

George's cheeks reddened and he turned on his camera, which focused on his face. It was obvious he was flustered.

"Lower." Dream commanded, and George obeyed. He angled the webcam lower to his crotch too, but his legs were crossed over shyly.

"Don't be afraid, baby. Take off your pants for me." Dream spoke again before resting his hands on his knees, then leading one to his bulge, rubbing himself there, waiting for George to advance.

"Okay." George didn't seem too hesitant in standing up and pulling down his sweat pants to reveal soft, untouched thighs along with plaid blue and white briefs. A small tent formed under the fabric, more visible when he sat down.

He wouldn't admit it, but whenever he recorded with Dream, this sometimes happened. The constant teasing and the smooth tone of Dream's voice were what really sent George most of the time. He loved hearing his name be repeated by Dream, even if it wasn't for anything in particular.

"Good boy. I wish I could mark the inside of your sweet thighs, caress you, and take in the sights of your pretty body." Dream said before reaching in his boxers and pulling out his half erect dick.

"Yeah? I'd like that." George responded, voice fading at the end as he copied what Dream did. Except he took his boxers off only for Dream's boner to stand straight at the sight of George's hips.

The smooth curves on his thighs combined with the slight dip in his hips along with the v-shape that highlighted his pubic bone.

"George. You're beautiful. Can you take off your shirt?"

George nodded and went along with the request. He grabbed the hem of his shirt from either side and pulled it up and over his head. He rested the shirt on the arm of his chair so it didn't get dirty on the floor.

Dream continued to take in the sights.

"My hands would fit perfectly on your waist, slowly traveling down to your hips, planting soft kisses on your v-line and avoiding your manhood, only to tease you a bit." Dream's erection twitched, aching to be touched, but he teased himself by leaving his hands to fumble with the strings on his hoodie.

George's whole face was red at this point, but it wasn't visible. His ears felt hot and a warm feeling

in his gut curled. He himself was nervous, his fingers twitching and his dick only rose higher. He started stroking himself, not being able to handle the painful erection anymore.

"Can you tell me what to do?" A whine escaped from the brunette.

"Hands off."

George obeyed and immediately lifted his hands from himself. He gripped the arms of his chair again to occupy his hands.

"Do you have lube?"

"Yeah." George reached over on his desk and a clear tube came into view of the camera.

"Strawberry flavor, huh?" Dream snickered.

"The hoodie you sent me smelled like strawberries. I wanted to be reminded of you." George spoke. It was obvious he was embarrassed from the tone of his voice.

Dream grinned, though it wasn't visible. "Can't get enough of me, huh?"

"Sh-Shush—" George popped the cap of the tube open and poured a generous amount of lube onto his aching cock.

"You're so eager. You can't even wait for directions. Do you wanna do this by yourself or would you rather I guide you?" Dream asked, seemingly disappointed.

"I-I—" George sputtered, "I asked you to tell me what to do earlier, dipshit." He spoke as the lube dripped down from his tip.

"Name calling, are we, darling?" Dream responded. He chuckled and spit into his hand before wrapping it around his member and starting to slowly stroke up and down. "Be a good boy and start touching yourself for Daddy. Put your thumb on the tip and start tracing lines down."

George gulped and did as he was told to do. He placed his thumb on the tip of his length and started tracing down the veins and skin with the front of his finger. He did it softly, up and down, from the tip to the base over and over again. He was being teased for sure. Small whines emitted from George, which almost sounded like complaining.

"Bring your leg up on the desk," Dream commanded and George did so, revealing his tight, pink taint. "That's good baby. Insert a finger or two." Dream continued to pump himself at a steady pace.

George watched himself on his screen and started to stroke himself to gather the lube on his hand and rub it lower on himself. He hitched his breath a couple of times and let out small sighs, not really making much noise. He hadn't explored that part of his body, and was honestly afraid to.

"I-I've never done this before." George stated. He was nervous and it was obvious in his tone.

"It's okay baby, there's always a first time for everything. Get in a comfortable position, maybe that will help."

Dream's voice not only comforted George, but also made him feel safe. He adjusted the leg that was already on his desk and pushed himself back so now his chest was visible. He lifted the other leg into his desk.

"I wanna see your face. I wanna see how hot you look when you feel your fingers inside of you for the first time." Dream's voice reached a deeper and more pleasant tone, which only made the brit melt in his chair even more, if he wasn't melting already. He reached forward and adjusted his web

cam again to expose his full body including his face. He sat back again, chest rising and falling in sync with Dream's breathing.

"Is this okay?" He asked with burning cheeks.

"Yes. You're perfect. Now do what Daddy asked of you."

George nodded and pursed his lips together. He reached his hand down and inserted a finger tip into his hole. He whimpered at the feeling but only pushed deeper, "Haaa~" He breathed heavily as only the knuckle of that finger could be seen.

"How does it feel?" Dream had quickened his pace at which he was pumped his member. It has started to drip pre-cum down from his tip and added natural lubrication.

"It—" George whimpered, "It feels, tight." He stated the obvious, afraid to start moving his hand.

"Add another and start fingering yourself."

The brunette did as he was told to and added another finger into his hole only to be met with pain from the stretching. "It hurts, Dream—" But he started to move his fingers, in and out slowly.

"That's it, you're doing so good, baby. Go faster and put in another one when you're ready." Dream bit his lip at the sight. "God, you're so hot." He let the words escape from under his breath.

George started going faster with his fingers, starting to feel pre-cum against his stomach, where his length rested, still fully erect. "Ah," He looked down at himself and felt he was ready for a third finger. He added another one and knew it was the last one for now. "Fuck—" He groaned and continued at the same pace before.

"Just imagine me pounding my throbbing dick into your tight little hole, my hips slapping against your ass as I thrust deeply into you. You want that, don't you?"

George nodded through pants and reached his free hand behind himself to grip on the back of his chair. He started thrusting his fingers even faster into himself, imagining Dream close and up against him, his emerald eyes watching as he worked for George's climax, ready to come with him.

"I-I'm gonna— come—" George spoke, moaning directly after. "Daddy please—"

"Do you wanna cum?" Dream licked his lips and started pumping at the same pace George fingered himself.

"I wanna cum, please, Daddy." George whined, "Ah! Fuck, please." He pleaded with his head tilted back and his hips bucking forward, needy for more.

"Go ahead, baby, cum for me." Dream smiled and waited for George to finish so he could himself. He groaned into his mic.

"Dream—!" And finally, strings of sticky white fluid flung and stuck onto George's stomach and chest. He fingered himself through the climax, his hips stopped moving, but his thighs twitched with neediness.

"Good boy," Dream also reached his end from just watching and going along with George. "Fuck." He cursed as white cum started dripping down his long member. His dick twitched as it started to slowly fall down.

The brunette planted his feet back on the ground and he panted through soft mutters of, "Fuck,"

and "Dream."

He scooted closer to his desk so now only the tip of his length and chest could be seen.

"You did so well, baby." Dream chuckled. He reached forward and a click could be heard.

"Did you-"

"It's only for me. So I can hear you moan my name out loud again whenever I want. Is that okay with you?"

"Yeah.." George spoke shyly.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" Dream smiled and rested his hands on his stomach. He pulled his boxers up without even cleaning up. He would enjoy the feel of his hot cum in his boxers before he took a shower tonight.

"Mhmm." George hummed and scooped up a dab of semen with his finger. He leaned in front of the camera so only his mouth could be seen. He licked his finger and swallowed the semen before sitting back in his chair.

"You're so hot, fuck."

omg georges first time

Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

pleasespareme

i know i havent updated in so long but life rllly be beating the shit out of me so idk when ill be able to write and how long my breaks will be but i finally had the time to finish this chapter!! yay!!!!

criticism is encouraged :-)

It's been a while since George and Dream had gotten together. Maybe around.. 6 months? Or maybe even more.

The two didn't keep track, and didn't celebrate one month or two months anniversaries. They liked things calm and sweet between each other. No big surprises, no secrets, nothing out of hand. And they were both comfortable with that, seeing as they were also both very vanilla when it came to relationships.

They did everything a normal couple would. Go on walks on the beach, watch movies and cuddle, wake up together, and just hang out like friends would. They were happy like this, but something was itching at George's back, an itch he couldn't scratch.

There was that undeniable prick prodding at him, begging him to ask the question he's been holding back for. He didn't know why he hesitated to ask Dream about this. He just guessed he wouldn't be comfortable or ready to move to the next stage in their relationship. They've really only made out three times a month, and never had any sexual activity.

George felt this was moving so slow, and he couldn't take it anymore.

"You're gonna keep me up all night if you keep moving around like that." Dream chuckled into George's neck, grabbing him by the hip and pulling him into his chest.

"Sorry. I'm just a little stressed out." The brunette admitted and held onto Clay's hand, intertwining their fingers.

The lights were off, besides the faint glow of the television that sat at the opposite end of the room, facing their king sized bed.

The sheets wrinkled perfectly and folded neatly into a thick comforter, along with a few other

personal blankets here and there. Their room was clean, but the bed was more than a mess.

Except, it felt like home.

"Stressed out about what?" Clay asked, letting go of George's hip and starting to pet his hair while he leaned back, still laying on his side.

George debated asking right then and there, but he felt like it was too soon. He stayed silent, focusing his attention on Clay's hand and the folds of his fingers.

"Are you okay, baby?"
Clay's tone turned more soothing and concerned.

"I..." The brunette hesitated, but finally decided to spit it out.

"Have you ever had sex before?"

The dirty blonde man's face burned a ripe crimson, his freckles fading under the shock.
"Where did that come from, Gogy?"
He giggled.

"Shut it. I'm being serious this time." George was flustered, and his tone of voice made it obvious. They weren't facing each other, as they both knew they'd fall into an awkward silence, staring into the other's eyes.

"Okay, damn," He giggled again. "I mean, yeah. I'm 20, what do you expect?" Clay responded, dragging the hand that was just playing with George's hair back down to rest on his hip again.

"And I'm 23. I'm still a virgin." George spoke.

"There's nothing wrong with that. I'm sorry if I came across as competitive or anything like that."

"You didn't. I just expected I would have lost my virginity by now."

Silence fell between the two before Clay cleared his throat and starting speaking again.

"Is there any particular reason you're asking?"

George pushed himself further into Clay, feeling the warmth of the other's body against his own back. It was comforting.

"I.. I've just been thinking about when we're gonna have our first time." George said, nervously thinking about his choice of words.

"You don't have to worry, babe. I'll take care of you and I won't hurt you. You just gotta tell me when you're comfortable and ready to take the next step."

"I love you, Clay."

"I love you too, Georgie."

And just after that, they fell asleep.

But the next morning was more eventful- not saying last night wasn't, but this is where the fun starts.

Upon waking up, George's wrists ached and his legs were tangled with others. He must have fallen asleep while cuddling with Dream, which explained the light snoring and heavy breath on the back of his neck. His hands were sweaty as he removed his intertwined fingers from his partner's and pulled his legs away. He sat himself up and rubbed his eyes before standing up and stretching.

Suddenly, a hand reached out and grabbed George by the shirt and pulled him down.

"Hey!"

"You're not getting away that easily!"

Clay grabbed George by the waist and pulled him into a warm embrace, nuzzling the back of his shoulder.

"I really need to pee!" You could hear George's frown in his voice.

Dream ignored that fact and started kissing George's forehead nonstop. "Not until I'm finished."

He moved onto his cheeks and then started pecking at the shorter male's lips.

"You dumbass." George remarked and closed his eyes, pressing his lips against Clay's, holding the back of his head to make sure he didn't pull back. Eventually he let go and looked Clay in his emerald green eyes. "Can I go now?"

"Fine, but I'm making us coffee."

George hated coffee, especially when Clay made it. He puts too much sugar and creamer and completely ruins the point of even drinking coffee. If you fill a cup with less than half of coffee and just pour creamer until the cup is full, you're literally drinking milk.

Clay drinks milk by itself sometimes.

George wants to die because of that.

"Whatever." George pushes himself from Clay and got up, dragging himself over to the bathroom. He did his business and finished up getting ready for the day just to meet Clay in the kitchen, with Patches on his shoulder.

"Like my new parrot? He's shy around new people, but he sure is good at finding me treasure!" Clay joked. Of course he was holding her from behind, but it really did look like she was just perched on his shoulder from George's angle.

"Be careful with the baby!"

George scooped Patches from Clay's shoulder, "I won't let the bad man touch you again, okay?" He babied the cat before letting her go. She trotted off with a meow.

"Someday her and Cat are gonna walk in on us and we're gonna have to explain."

"They're cats, not children. But I'm glad you see them as part of the family." George cooed and planted a gentle kiss on Dream's jawline.

"Is the coffee almost ready?"

(omg im picking back up on this after 2 weeks woo)

"Yep." The blonde replied. He already had a hot mug of black coffee for George and his own had

just finished pouring from the coffee maker.

George watched with glassy eyes. Dream set the mugs next to each other and reached above for the over head cabinet, he stretched his arm up and George inspected the other's perfect v-line from under his lifted shirt.

"What are you looking at?" Dream had stooped down to George's height with curious eyes and a naive grin.

"Nothing." George's cheeks burned with embarrassment. He swiftly reached for the sugar that Dream had gotten from the cupboard and started patting it into his coffee, slowly to measure.

After taking his sweet precious time, he opened the fridge for the creamer and poured a tablespoons worth before placing it on the counter. Dream basically copied what George did but just added extra sugar and creamer for a sweeter taste to the coffee. But it just looked and tasted like milk.

"You've gotta stop that." George spoke, eyes half lidded before he sipped his coffee.

Dream already gulped down his cup and was rinsing it in the sink.

"Stop what, baby? You 'ave to be more specific." The freckled man leaned his hips on George's and carefully gripped his sides. He grinned mischievously.

"That."

George poked the corner of Dream's mouth, indicating his grin.

Dream sighed, "Sorry, I really can't help how happy I am around you." He leaned forward pecked the brunette's soft pink lips.

The kiss was supposed to be innocent and loving, but somehow George took it the wrong way. He trusted Dream with all of his being and knew that never in a million years that he'd betray him. For some reason the brunette wanted to put that to the test and experiment.

He grabbed onto Dream's cheeks and pulled him back down for a second, longer kiss. This time George tilted his head and starting playing around and nibbling at Dream's top lip.

The taller male snaked a hand under George's jumper and caressed his delicate skin, tracing letters and drawings with his nail on the other's chest and side.

George whined at the ticklish brush of Dream's fingers and leaned into his collar bone, exposing part of his neck.

Oh fuck—

That noise that George emitted just got him going. Suddenly a burst of motivation unwrapped and he felt more confident in what he was about to do next.

The blonde picked George up from the back of his thighs, leaning forward and placing him on the kitchen counter, but on the edge.

Dream shifted his leg so his thigh pushed against George's crotch, rubbing his bare leg up against the other's boxers. George gasped quietly when Dream started kissing down the left side of his neck.

George's thoughts whished around like debris during a harsh storm, not knowing where to place his

hands, unsure of his breathing patterns, and if he even wanted this. But it was with Dream so he couldn't resist.

The taste of his sweet lips and the feeling of his hot breath against George's neck.

His breathing quickened when the blonde started sucking at his collar bone and soon starting to nibble, which turned into sharp teeth knocking against bone. It felt so raw, yet aggressive and competitive. Dream was always competitive, but George didn't expect him to be in this situation.

"Dream," George muttered from damp lips. He sounded serious. Dream felt a sharp dagger of fear impale him. Did he do something wrong?

He pulled away from George's neck but kept his hands rested on his waist. "Yes?"

"You're gonna take care of me, right?"

"Of course, baby. Why wouldn't I?"

George grinned comfortably.

"This is your first time so I'm gonna make it the best. Tell me if you want to stop."

Dream's emerald eyes gazed into George's chocolate ones. Love and lust stirred in their pupils as they stared so fondly at one another.

"I'm gonna get something. Sit pretty and wait." Dream trailed his hands off of George and left the kitchen.

George hummed in acknowledgement. He was alone for a minute. It was quiet, but inside, it was loud. He wanted to be Dream's best and he wanted to surprise him, making sure he never forgot. Though it would be quite impossible to forget your first time with a dude.

The brunette built up some courage and decided to slip off his baggy shirt, along with his bright green boxers.

Dream turned the corner to see a fully exposed George. He almost dropped the clear tube of lube and condom in his hands at the sight.

George swiftly turned his head, nervous at Dream's shocked state. His face flushed a bright red, unsure if Dream even wanted this.

"Oh fuck, George,"

He could've sworn he saw Dream's bulge grow under the long shirt he was wearing. It only made George squeeze his thighs together, beginning to get desperate for friction.

"You're gorgeous, holy shit." Dream almost tripped forward but managed to stand back in front of George, eyeing him up and down. He was so beautiful.

Every inch of him was addicting, he couldn't pull his eyes off of him. He may be a bit more on the skinnier side than muscular, but that never bothered Dream. He'd never seen past his waist, but damn. His v-line perfectly complimented his hip dips and dark curly hair that surrounded his half erect dick. And his ass. Perfectly round and shaped just comfortably how Dream's cock would fit in—

"Are you okay?" George spoke in a worried tone, then lifting Dream's chin up to look him in the

eyes.

"Yeah, I'm just in shock. You're so gorgeous. I don't know how I got so lucky to be with someone as beautiful as you, I seriously—"

"Dream."

He pursed his lips.

The blonde tilted his head, examining the obvious worry on George's ivory face.

"Please, fuck me."

Is that was he was getting worked up about? He could have just said it long ago, but hearing him say it now caused him to melt right there.

"Right now? You're not even prepped.."

"I don't mean it like that- just do what you need, please."

Dream nodded. It was his mission to make sure George enjoyed his first time.

He poured a generous amount of lube onto his finger tips and painted the base of George's dick with it. He trailed his fingers down his balls before pulling George closer and sitting more on his back. He gasped at the sudden movement but settled back on his elbows as Dream spread his legs apart, his thighs still resting on the counter. He started with the lube again and traced around his asshole, seeing how George clenched his muscles.

"You're good. I'm gonna put a finger in now, okay?" Dream looked up at his partner.

"Okay." George responded impatiently while pursing his lips, waiting for Dream to begin.

There was still a lot of lubricant left so Dream coated the rest of his fingers in it and traced George's hole once again. He inserted his index finger to which George reacted with a squirm and light gasp. He started pushing the finger in and out while his other hand was occupied rubbing himself through his short boxers. He obviously wanted more, but had to save it for his one and only.

He then added another finger without warning, then another, and before they both knew it, Dream's four fingers were knuckles deep inside George's asshole.

The brunette was already a mess, shaking from embarrassment and biting his finger to keep himself from moaning.

Dream took out his fingers and started pumping George with the same hand while looking up at him with a competitive glare.

"I wanna hear you," He used his free hand to pull George's hand away from his mouth and caress his sides.

"Y'know how I said I can get really dominant and controlling?"

"Y-Yeah?"

"Want me to hold back or-"

"No. Talk dirty to me, please. C-Call me your slut— please- ugh."

George grunted at Dream's hand still around his dick.

"Wow- okay. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

They both stared at each other for a moment, a silent trade of trust.

Dream pulled down his boxers and took off his shirt so they were both fully exposed now. His body was more toned than George's but still lean and skinny for the most part.

The brunette stared in awe.

Dream grabbed the condom wrapping and tore it open, careful not to rip the article inside. It was green, of course. He stretched it open and rolled it onto his erect cock, veins dipping at the ring at the end. He poured some lube onto himself and stroked for just a moment before lining himself up with George's entrance. He looked up at his boyfriend for reassurance.

George nodded and Dream lifted his right leg up onto his shoulder and spread his other leg onto the counter.

Dream inserted the tip into George, "God, fuck, you're so tight."

George arched his back in pleasure but also hissed at the pain. "Ke-Keep going-" He moaned softly.

Dream slowly started pushing himself further, "You feel so good baby. You like my cock inside of your tight little hole?" He said as his hips met George's ass.

"Oh my god, yes, Dream, fuck-"

He hadn't even started moving yet and George couldn't handle it. He wanted more.

Dream started to slowly thrust, holding onto the leg on his shoulder and George's hip. "Slut." He muttered under his breath.

"I love—"

Dream quickened his pace, digging his nails into George's hip and staring down at his work.

"You love what?" He demanded.

"I love your—" George grunted, "Your cock." He hummed, closing his eyes tightly with a crooked grin.

"That's right. So dirty. I love it."

He then started going faster and he could have sworn he heard George scream, but he was too focused on keeping a steady pace and monitoring his stamina.

George did scream, but not too loudly. His dick started to drip pre-cum and his eyes were watering from the overwhelming pleasure. "Dream! Faster-!" He moaned and groaned.

"So fucking needy."

But Dream did as he was told to do and went even faster, skin slapping against skin. He felt himself getting closer and closer to his climax with every thrust in. George wasn't doing any better.

He whimpered and opened his eyes, looking down at what was happening, "I-I'm gonna come—"

"Do it, slut. I wanna hear you scream my name when you do. I wanna swallow your cum and tell you how sweet it is," Dream inched even closer, "Do it, cum for me, baby."

George didn't even need to touch himself, yet semen leaped from his tip onto his stomach, "Dream! Fuck!" The rest spilled down and his face burned a beet red. Dream continued to pound George through his climax, thighs twitching with joy.

"Such a good boy." Dream then pulled out of George and pulled off the condom impatiently. He started stroking himself and he grunted as he started cumming himself, "George-" He panted blissfully, some shooting up and onto George.

"Fuck, you're good." George continued to twitch and he brought his leg down from Dream's shoulder.

They clashed their lips together, satisfied with each other and themselves.

"I love you, baby."

"Shush up, I love you more."

haha dominant daddy lol

Chapter Summary

george and dream battle for dominance but in the end dream ends up on top and proves he's the more dominant one in the relationship
(this was written over a few days so somethings are out of place and don't line up)

requested by a reader <3

!!DADDY KINK!!

Chapter Notes

i am SO SORRY for being super inactive and sleeping on this book. i haven't had the motivation to write anymore and i'm honestly thinking about giving up on this unless i get some great idea for a chapter or if someone requests something i'm super into. its not like you guys' requests are bad, i'm just looking for more of a plot instead of a short idea. i really do enjoy writing, especially about george and dream, but im just not feeling it right now.

ill try and update as much as i can and come up with as many chapters as i can for now. but school is starting next month and im gonna be super busy. so expect updates every week or so. thank you for understanding!

"You're so bad at this!" George called out with a toothy grin and loud laugh.

"Shut the fuck up!" Dream yelled back, furrowing his brows and sticking out his tounge while concentrating.

"Make me-!"

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Dream scoffed and picked up George, holding him by his thighs while the brunette hugged Dream and wrapped his legs around him. He smiled into the crook of the blonde's neck, breathing heavily.

"You're so lucky I'm not pissed off or I would have pounded you right there on the couch."

Dream spoke with a low growl and George felt an immediate chill.

"You're so good to me." George giggled before being thrown on his back onto the soft bed below.

Dream instantly started pulling down his sweatpants and grabbing at the elastic of his boxers, but George stopped him for a moment to speak, "Undress me first."

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"Fine. But only because you're so pretty."

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He frowned dramatically before George spoke again.

"Daddy?"

Dream shook his head, his freckles drowning in the red blush on his cheeks. He stood over George, the sides of their knees pressed together. He leaned forward and started pulling up George's shirt and over his head before throwing it towards the headboard of the bed.

He then started trailing soft kisses down the brunette's neck as he started to untie his sweat pants. George let out an eager groan when Clay got around to the thin skin of his collarbone. He started sucking at the pale, untouched skin as he pulled down his sweat pants.

George turned his head to try and get Dream off his neck but he only responded by gripping his jaw and turning his head away to get a better look. He moved from one spot to another, then another, while George spoke,

"I want you inside me so badly,"

"I'll be a good baby, I swear,"

"Please, daddy,"

Dream ignored him until he finished marking him up. He pulled away and looked George in the eyes,

"If you want it so badly then get on your fucking knees." He forced him up and off the bed then pushed him down on his knees.

It was all happening so fast, but George didn't complain. He loved it rough. He loved it plain. He loved the sex, as long as Dream was his partner.

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George looked back up at him as he continued to lick the tip, knowing it was the most sensitive spot of the dick. He sunk his tongue into the dip and felt Dream dig his hands into George's scalp, pulling at the hair and forcing him further on his dick.

"You're doing so fucking well. Keep going, baby."

An innocent could be heard below before George wrapped his lips around Dream's cock and started bobbing back and forth, following the pace which Dream pushed and pulled his head. George dug his nails into the back of Dream's thighs as the pace quickened. Going further and further with each pump only warmed up George and got Dream closer to his climax. George could tell he was close by the twitching in his mouth. George started pushing himself closer towards Dream's base and took him down the throat. Dream groaned even louder before George pulled out.

The both looked at each other with love and George stood up just for Dream to push him back down on the bed and grab the lube in one of the bottom drawers of their nightstand. He eagerly pulled down George's blue boxers and started to lube his hands up.

"I'm gonna make you scream tonight just for being a brat."

He coated his fingers in the clear lubricant before pushing two inside George's hole without any warning or even one first.

George shivered and let out an almost silent moan. His dick started rising even more than it was before, aching for any sort of contact, but Dream ignored that.

He then inserted another finger right after the first two and started fingering at a rapid pace. George started wiggling and mumbled something about being impatient.

"Please! Clay!" He whined out and Dream stopped to position himself with George's entrance. He stuck his three fingers in George's mouth to keep him silent for a moment as he single handedly started pumping his dick with more lubricant. He pushed his fingers further in George's mouth and spread his thighs, looking down at his tight, pink hole, just waiting to be fucked with no mercy.

He finally shoved his dick inside George, slowly inserting the tip first then the rest.

The brunette bit down on his fingers but Dream didn't mind. He felt him grip his hands around Dream's wrist and attempt to yank his hand away, but the blonde focused on pushing himself back and forth, trying to choose the right pace to thrust, but George's muffled groans were putting him off.

He finally slid his fingers out of George's mouth just to look back up at him and see saliva trailing down his chin and drizzling down his own fingers.

George let out a joyous moan before Dream grabbed one of his wrists and pinned it above his head, leaving the other free, just to have him rest above his head with his other hand.

"You like it when Daddy slides his thick cock in and out of your tight ass, don't you?" Dream teased, licking his lips, not breaking eye contact with George.

"Ye— Fuck! Yes Daddy, I love it!"

They both moaned together, sharing this blissful moment. Dream leaned down and started playing at George's lips as he thrust faster and faster.

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haha dominant daddy lol

Chapter Summary

george and dream battle for dominance but in the end dream ends up on top and proves he's the more dominant one in the relationship
(this was written over a few days so somethings are out of place and don't line up)

requested by a reader <3

!!DADDY KINK!!

Chapter Notes

i am SO SORRY for being super inactive and sleeping on this book. i haven't had the motivation to write anymore and i'm honestly thinking about giving up on this unless i get some great idea for a chapter or if someone requests something i'm super into. its not like you guys' requests are bad, i'm just looking for more of a plot instead of a short idea. i really do enjoy writing, especially about george and dream, but im just not feeling it right now.

ill try and update as much as i can and come up with as many chapters as i can for now. but school is starting next month and im gonna be super busy. so expect updates every week or so. thank you for understanding!

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